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# Carolina Chansons

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DU BOSE HEYWARD *and*  
HERVEY ALLEN



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CAROLINA CHANSONS  
LEGENDS OF THE LOW COUNTRY



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# CAROLINA CHANSONS

LEGENDS OF THE LOW COUNTRY

BY

DUBOSE HEYWARD AND HERVEY ALLEN

New York  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY  
1922

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TO JOHN BENNETT



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## PREFACE

IN a continent but recently settled, many parts of which have as yet little historical or cultural background, the material for this volume has been gathered from a section that was one of the first to be colonized. Here the Frenchman, Spaniard, and Englishman all passed, leaving each his legend; and a brilliant and more or less feudal civilization with its aristocracy and slaves has departed with the economic system upon which it rested.

From this medley of early colonial discovery and romance, from the memories of war and reconstruction, it has been as difficult to choose coherently as to maintain restraint in selection among the many grotesque negro legends and superstitions so rich in imagery and music. Coupled with this there has been another task; that of keeping these legends and stories in their natural matrix, the semi-tropical landscape of the *Low Country*, which somehow lends them all a pensively melancholy yet fitting background. Not to have so portrayed them, would have been to sacrifice their essentially local tang. To the reader unfamiliar with coastal Carolina, the unique aspects of its landscapes may seem exaggerated in

## *Preface*

these pages; the observant visitor and the native will, it is hoped, recognize that neither the colors nor the shadows are too strong. These poems, however, are not local only, they are stories and pictures of a chapter of American history little known, but dramatic and colorful, and in the relation of an important part to the whole they may carry a decided interest to the country at large.

Local color has a fatal tendency to remain local; but it is also true that the universal often borders on the void. It has been said, perhaps wisely, that the immediate future of American Poetry lies rather in the intimate feeling of local poets who can interpret their own sections to the rest of the country as Robinson and Frost have done so nobly for New England, rather than in the effort to *yawp* universally. Hence there is no attempt here to say, "O New York, O Pennsylvania," but simply, "O Carolina."

The South, however, has been "interpreted" so often, either with condescending pity or nauseous sentimentality, that it is the aim of this book to speak simply and carefully amid a babel of unauthentic utterance. Nevertheless, the contents of this volume do not pretend to exact historical accuracy; this is poetry rather than history, although the legends and facts upon which it rests have been gathered with much painstaking research and careful verification. It should be kept in mind that these poems are

## *Preface*

impressionistic attempts to present the fleeting feeling of the moment, landscape moods, and the ephemeral attitudes of the past. Legends are material to be moulded, and not facts to be recorded. Above all here is no pretence of propaganda.

As some of the material touched on is not accessible in standard reference, prose notes have been included giving the historical facts or background of legend upon which a poem has been based. These notes together with a bibliography will be found at the back of the volume.

If the only result of this book is to call attention to the literary and artistic values inherent in the South, and to the essentially unique and yet nationally interesting qualities of the Carolina *Low Country*, its landscapes and legends, the labor bestowed here will have secured its harvest.

DUBOSE HEYWARD - HERVEY ALLEN.

Charleston, S. C.

December, 1921.





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CAROLINA CHANSONS  
LEGENDS OF THE LOW COUNTRY



## SÉANCE AT SUNRISE

PLACE the new hands  
In the old hands  
Of the old generation,  
And let us tilt tables  
In the high room  
Of our imagination.

Let the thick veil glow thin,  
At sunrise—at sunrise—  
Let the strange eyes peer in,  
The red, the black, and the white faces  
Of the still living dead  
Of the three races.

Let a quaint voice begin:

*Voice of an Indian*

“Gone from the land,  
We leave the music of our names,  
As pleasant as the sound of waters;  
Gone is the log-lodge and the skin tepee,  
And moons ago the ghost-canoe brought home  
The latest of our sons and daughters—  
Yet still we linger in tobacco smoke

## *Carolina Chansons*

And in the rustling fields of maize;  
Faint are the tracks our moccasins have left,  
But they are there, down all your ways."

### *Voice of a Slave*

"We do not talk  
Of hours in the rice  
When days were long,  
Nor of old masters  
Who are with us here  
Beyond all right or wrong.  
Only white afternoons come back,  
When in the fields  
We reached the Mercy Seat  
On wings of song."

### *Voice of a Planter*

"Nothing moves there but the night wind,  
Blowing the mosses like smoke;  
All would be silent as moonlight  
But for the owl in the oak—  
Stairways that lead up to nothing—  
Windows like terrible scars—  
Snakes on a log in the cistern  
Peering at stars . . ."

### *Spirit of Prophecy*

"Dawn with its childish colors

### *Séance at Sunrise*

Stipples the solemn vault of night;  
Behind the horizon the sun shakes a bloody fist;  
Mysteries stand naked by the lakes of mist;  
Spirits take flight,  
The medicine man,  
The voodoo doctor—  
Witches mount brooms.  
The day looms.  
Faster it comes,  
Bringing young giants  
Who hate solitude,  
And march with drums—  
Beat—beat—beat,  
Down every ancient street,  
The young giants! Minded like boys:  
Action for action's sake they love  
And noise for noise."

### *Voice of a Poet*

"The fire of the sunset  
Is remembered at midnight,  
But forgotten at dawn.  
While the old stars set,  
Let us speak of their glory  
Before they are gone."

H. A.

## SILENCES \*

YOU who have known my city for a day  
And heard the music of her steeped bells,  
Then laughed, and passed along your vagrant way,  
Carrying only what the city tells  
To those who listen solely with their ears;  
You know St. Matthew's swinging harmonies,  
And old St. Michael's tale of golden years  
Far less like bells than chanted memories.

Yet there is something wanting in the song  
Of lyric youth with voice unschooled by pain.  
And there are breathing stillnesses that throng  
Dim corners, and that only stir again  
When bells are dumb. Not even bronze that beats  
Our heart-throbs back can tell of old defeats.

But you who take the city for your own,  
Come with me when the night flows deep and kind  
Along these narrow ways of troubled stone,  
And floods the wide savannas of the mind  
With tides that cool the fever of the day;

\* See the note on the chimes at back of book.



## *Silences*

One with the dark, companioned by the stars,  
We'll seek St. Philip's, nebulous and gray,  
Holding its throbbing beacon to the bars,  
A prisoned spirit vibrant in the stone  
That knew its empire of forgotten things.  
Then will the city know you for her own,  
And feel you meet to share her sufferings;  
While down a swirl of poignant memories,  
Herself shall find you in her silences.

Once coaches waited row on shining row  
Before this door; and where the thirsty street  
Drank the deep shadow of the portico  
The Sunday hush was stirred by happy feet,  
Low greetings, and the rustle of brocade,  
The organ throb, and warmth of sunny eyes  
That flashed and smiled beneath a bonnet shade;  
Life with the lure of all its swift disguise.

Then from the soaring lyric of the spire,  
Like the composite voice of all the town,  
The bells burst swiftly into singing fire  
That wrapped the building, and which showered down  
Bright cadences to flash along the ways  
Loud with the splendid gladness of the days.

War took the city, and the laughter died  
From lips that pain had kissed. One after one

*Carolina Chansons*

All lovely things went down the sanguine tide,  
While death made moaning answer to the gun.  
Then, as a golden voice dies in the throat  
Of one who lives, but whose glad heart is dead,  
The bells were taken; and a sterner note  
Rang from their bronze where Lee and Jackson led.

The rhythmic seasons chill and burn and chill,  
Cooling old angers, warming hearts again.  
The ancient building quickens to the thrill  
Of lilting feet; but only singing rain  
Flutters old echoes in the portico;  
Those who can still remember love it so.

D. H.

## PRESENCES

DESPISE the garish presences that flaunt  
The obvious possession of today,  
To wear with me the spectacles that haunt  
The optic sense with wraiths of yesterday—  
These cobbled shores through which the traffic streams  
Have been the stage-set of successive towns,  
Where coffined actors postured out their dreams,  
And harlot Folly changed her thousand gowns.  
This corner-shop was Bull's Head Tavern,  
When names now dead on marble lived in clay;  
Its rooms were like a sanded cavern,  
Where candles made a sallow jest of day,  
And drovers' boots came grinding like a quern,  
While merchants drank their steaming cups of "tay."

Here pock-marked Black Beard covenanted Bonnet  
To slit the Dons' throats at St. Augustine,  
And bussed light ladies, unknown to this sonnet,  
Whose names, no doubt, would rime with Magdalene.  
And English parsons, who had lost their fames,  
Sat tippling wine as spicy as their joke,  
Larding bald texts with bets on cocking mains,  
And whiffing pipes churchwardens used to smoke.  
Here *macaronis*, hands a-droop with laces,

## *Carolina Chansons*

Dealt knave to knave in *picquet* or *écarté*,  
In coats no whit less scarlet than their faces,  
While bullies hiccuped healths to King and Party,  
And Yankee slavers, in from Barbadoes,  
Drove flinty bargains with keen Huguenots.

Then Meeting Street first knew St. Michael's steeple,  
When redcoats marched with royal drums a-banging,  
Or merchants stopped gown'd tutors to inquire  
Why school let out to see a pirate hanging;  
And gentlemen took supper in the street,  
When candle-shine from tables gul'd the dark,  
While others passing by would be discreet  
And take the farther side without remark,  
Pausing perhaps to snuff the balmy savor  
Of turtle-soup mulled with the bay-leaves' flavor:  
These walls beheld them, and these lingering trees  
That still preëempt the middle of the gutter;  
They are the backdrops for old comedies—  
If leaves were tongues—what stories they might utter!

H. A.

## THE PIRATES \*

I STOOD once where these rows of deep piazzas  
Frown on the harbor from their columned pride,  
And saw the gallant youngest of the cities  
Lift from the jealous many-fingered tide.  
Flanked by the multi-colored sweeping marshes,  
Among the little hummocks choked with thorn,  
I saw the first, small, dauntless row of buildings  
Give back the rose and orange of the dawn.  
Above them swayed the shining green palmettoes  
Vocal and plaintive at the winds' caress;  
While, at the edge of sight, the fluent silver  
Of sea and bay framed the wide loneliness.

Out of the East came gaunt razees of commerce  
Troubling the dappled azure of the seas;  
While sleeping marsh awoke, and vanished under  
The thrusting open fingers of the quays.

Ever, and more, came ships, while others followed.  
Feeling their way among unsounded bars,  
Heaping their freights upon the groaning wharf-heads,  
Filling their holds with turpentine and tars,

\* See the note on the pirates.

## *Carolina Chansons*

Until the little twisting streets all vanished  
Into a blur of interwoven spars.

### II

One with the rest, I saw the commerce dwindle,  
High-bosomed, sturdy vessels take the main  
And leave us, with the morning in their faces,  
Never to come to any port again.  
Slowly an ominous and pregnant silence  
Grew deep upon the wharves where ships had lain.

Laughter rang hollow in those days of waiting,  
And nameless fears came drifting down the night.  
The tides swung in from sea, hung, and retreated,  
Bearing their secrets back beyond our sight;  
Till, like the sudden rending of a curtain,  
The East reeled with the lightnings of a fight.

Never was a night so long with waiting.  
Never was the dark more prone to stay.  
And, in the whispering gloom, taut, listening faces  
Hung in a pallid line along the bay.  
Slowly at last the mists dissolved, revealing  
A fearful silhouette against the day.

Blue on a saffron dawn, a frigate lifted  
Out of the fog that veiled her fold on fold,



## *The Pirates*

Taking the early sunlight on her cannon  
In running spurts and rings of molten gold;  
No flag of any nation at her masthead.  
Small wonder that our pulses fluttered cold.

Never a shot she fired on the city,  
But, when the night came blowing in from sea,  
And our ruddy windows warmed the darkness,  
Through the surrounding gloom we heard the free  
Strong sweep and clank of rowing in the harbor,  
And on the wharves raw jest and revelry.

She was the first, but many others followed;  
Insolent, keen, and swift to come-about,  
I have seen them go smashing down the harbor,  
Loud with the boom of canvas and the shout  
Of lusty voices at the crowded bulwarks,  
Where tattooed hands were swinging long-boats out.

Up through the streets the roisterers would swagger,  
Filling the narrow ways from wall to wall,  
Scattering gold like ringing summer showers,  
Ready with song and jest and cheery call  
For those who passed; buying the little taverns  
At any cost; opening wine for all.

There were rare evenings when we used to gather  
Down in a coffee-house beside the square.

## *Carolina Chansons*

Morgan knew well our little favored corner;  
Black Beard the sinister was often there;  
And we have watched the night blur into morning  
While Bonnet, quiet-voiced and debonnaire,

Would throw the glamor of the seas about us  
In archipelagoes of mad romance;  
Pointing a story with a line from Shakespeare,  
Quoting a Latin proverb; while his glance,  
Flashing across the eager, listening circle,  
Fettered—blinded—held us in a trance.

Their bags of Spanish gold bribed our juries,  
Bought dignified officials of the Crown;  
Money and wine were ours for the asking;  
The Orient flamed out in shawl and gown,  
Until a sudden and unholy splendor  
Irradiated all the quiet town.

Those were the days when there was open gaming,  
And roaring song in tongue of every race.  
Evil, as colorful as poison weeds,  
Bloomed in the market place.  
And those who should have known, shared in the revels,  
And passed their neighbors with averted face.

Until one day a frigate entered harbor,  
And passed the city, with a Spanish prize,



## *The Pirates*

Then insolently came-about, despoiled her,  
And fired her before our very eyes,  
While the vagrant breezes left the streaming vapor  
Like red rust on the clean steel of the skies.

### III

All in the sullied hours,  
While the pirates stood away  
Out of the murk and horror  
In a sheer white burst of spray,

Leaving the wreck to settle  
Under its winding sheet,  
I felt the city shudder  
And stir beneath my feet.

Thrilling against the morning,  
As audible as song,  
I heard the city waken  
Out of her night of wrong.

That was a day to cherish  
When Rhett and a gallant few  
Summoned the best among us;  
Called for a daring crew.

New and raw at the business,  
To the smithy's roar and clang,

## *Carolina Chansons*

We drove our aching muscles  
And as we worked we sang,

Until one blowing morning  
With summer on the sea,  
The *Henry* to the windward,  
The *Sea Nymph* down alee,

Flecking the wide Atlantic  
With a flaring, lacy track,  
We went, as glad as the winds are glad,  
To buy our honor back.

### IV

Over the wooded shore-line,  
Where the hidden rivers stray  
Down to the sea like timid girls,  
I saw in the first faint gray

A burst of cloudy topsails  
Go blowing swiftly by,  
With the stars aswirl behind them  
Like bright dust down the sky.

Gone were the days of waiting,  
And the long, blind search was gone;  
With a cheer we swung to meet them  
On the forefoot of the dawn.

## *The Pirates*

Out of the screening woodland  
Into the open sound  
The frigate crashed, then staggered  
Careening, fast aground.

White water tugged behind us,  
We felt the *Henry* reel  
And spin as the hard impartial sand  
Closed on her vibrant keel.

All through the high white morning,  
While the lagging tide crawled out,  
Fate held us bound and waiting,  
While, turn and turn about,

We manned the fuming cannon  
And bartered hell for hell,  
While the scuppers sang with coursing life  
Where the dead and dying fell.

Till, like the break of fever  
When life thrills up through pain,  
We felt the current stirring  
Under the keel again.

Then it was hand to cutlass,  
And pistols in the sash.  
"All hands stand by for boarding,—  
Now, close abeam and lash!"

## *Carolina Chansons*

But the ensign that had mocked us  
With its symbol of the dead  
Fluttered and dropped to the bloody deck,  
And a white square spoke instead.

Home from the kill we thundered  
On the tail of the equinox,  
To the thrum of straining canvas,  
And the whine and groan of blocks.

Leaping clear of the shallows,  
Chancing the creaming bars,  
We heard the first faint cheering  
As the late sun limned our spars.

Safe in the lee of the city  
We moored in the afterglow,  
The *Sea Nymph* and the *Henry*  
With the buccaneers in tow.

Glad we had been in the going,  
But God! it was good to come  
Out of the sky-wide loneliness  
To the walls and lights of home.

## V

Under these shouldering rows of stone  
That notch the quiet sky;

## *The Pirates*

Under the asphalt's transient seal  
The same old mud-flats lie;  
And I have felt them surge and lift  
At night as I passed by.

Yes, I have seen them sprawling nude  
While an Autumn moon hung chill,  
And the tide came shuddering in from sea,  
Lift by lift, until  
It held them under a silver mesh,  
Responsive to its will.

Then slowly out from the crowding walls  
I have seen the gibbets grow,  
And stand against the empty sky  
In a desolate, windblown row,  
While their dancers swayed, and turned, and spun,  
Tripping it heel and toe;

With a flash of gold where the peering moon  
Saw an earring as it swung,  
And a silver line that leapt and died  
Where the salt-white sea-boots hung,  
And the pitiful, nodding, silent heads,  
With half of their songs unsung.

D. H.

## THE SEWEES OF SEWEE BAY \*

*“And these squaws, waiting in vain the return of their husbands, sought out braves among the other tribes, and so men say the Sewees have become Wandos.”*

“ONE flask of rum for fifty muskrat skins!  
A horn of powder for a bear’s is not enough;  
A whole winter’s hunting for some blanket stuff—  
Ugh!” said the Sewee Chief,  
“The pale-face is a thief!”

Ever, from the north-north-east,  
The great winged canoes  
Swept landward from the shining water  
Into Bull’s Bay,  
Where the poor Sewees trapped the otter,  
Or took the giant oysters for their feast—  
Ever the ships came from the north and east.

Surely, at morning, when they walked the beaches,  
Over the smoky-silver, whispering reaches,  
Where the ships came from, loomed a land,  
Far-off, one mountain-top, away  
Where the great camp-fire sun made day:

\* See the note at the back of the book.

## *The Sewees of Sewee Bay*

“There are the pale-face lodges,” they would say.  
So all one winter  
Was great hunting on that shore;  
Much maize was pounded,  
And of acorn oil great store  
Was tried;  
And collops of smoked deer meat set aside,  
And skins and furs,  
And furs and skins,  
And bales of furs beside.

And all that winter, too,  
The smoke eddied  
From many a huge canoe,  
Hollowed by flame from cypress trees  
That with stone ax and fire  
The Sewee shaped to the good shape  
Of his desire.

So when next spring  
The traders came from Charles Town,  
Bringing a gift of blankets from the king,  
The Sewees would not trade a pelt—  
Saying, “We go to see  
The Great White Father in his own tepee—  
Heap, heap much rum!”  
And then they passed the pipe of peace,  
And puffed it, and looked glum.



## *Carolina Chansons*

The traders thought the redskins must be daft;  
They saw the huge canoes,  
And, wondering at their use,  
Asked, "What will you do with these?"  
And the chief pointed east across the seas;  
And then the pale-face laughed.

And yet—  
There was a story told  
By one of Black Beard's men  
Who had done evil things for gold,  
That one morning, out at sea,  
The fog made a sudden lift,  
And from the high poop, looking through the rift,  
He saw  
Twenty canoes, each with six warriors,  
Paddling straight toward the rising sun,  
Where the wind made a flaw—  
He swore he saw  
And counted twenty hulls,  
Circled about by screaming gulls—  
Then such a storm came down  
That some prayed on that hellion ship,  
But he did not—  
He was not born to drown.

This was the tale  
Told with much bluster,



*The Sewees of Sewee Bay*

Over ale  
And oaths,  
At Charles Town.  
He *swore* he saw the Indians in the dawn,  
And *he'd be danged!*  
*And by Christ's Mother—*  
*Take his rings in pawn!*  
But he was hanged  
With poor Stede Bonnet, later on.

H. A.

## LA FAYETTE LANDS \*

THAT evening, gathered on the vessel's poop,  
They saw the glimmering land,  
And far lights moved there,  
As once Columbus saw them, winking, strange;  
Around the ship two darkies in a small canoe  
Paddled and grinned, and held up silver fish.

Over the high ship's tumble-home  
A pinnace slid,  
Slow, lowered from the squealing davit-ropes,  
And from a port a-square with lantern light,  
The little, leather trunks were passed,  
Ironbound and quaint; while down the vessel's side  
With voluble advice, *bon voyage* and *au revoir*,  
The chatting Frenchmen came—  
Click-clap of rapiers clipping on hard boots,  
Cocked hats and merry eyes.

The great ship backs its yards,  
With drooping sails, await,  
A spider-web of spars and lantern-lights,  
While like a pilot shark, the slim canoe,

\* See the note at the back of the book.

## *La Fayette Lands*

A V-shaped ripple wrinkling from its jaws,  
Slides noiselessly across the swells,  
Leading the swinging boat's crew to the beach;  
And all the world slides up—  
And then the stars slide down—  
As ocean breathes; while evening falls,  
And destiny is being rowed ashore.

The twilight-muffled bells of town, the bark of  
dogs,  
The distant shouts, and smell of burning wood,  
Fall graciously upon their sea-tired sense.  
Wide-trouser'd, barefoot sailors carry them to land,  
Tho' snake-voiced waves flaunt frothing up the  
beach;  
The horse-hide trunks are piled upon a dune;  
And there a little Frenchman takes his stand,  
Hawk-faced and ardent,  
While his brown cloak droops about him  
Like young falcon plumes.

Gray beach, gray twilight, and gray sea—  
How strange the scrub palmettoes down the coast!  
No purple-castled heights, like dear Auvergne,  
Against the background of the *Puy de Dome*,  
But land as level as the sea, a sandy road  
That twists through myrtle thickets  
Where the black boys lead.

## *Carolina Chansons*

Far down a moss-draped avenue of oaks  
There is a flash of torches, and the lights  
Go flitting past the bottle panes;  
A cracked plantation bell dull-clangs;  
The beagles bay,  
Black faces swarm, with ivory eyeballs glazed—  
Court dwarfs that served thick chocolate, on their knees  
In damasked, perfumed rooms at grand Versailles,  
Were all the blacks the French had ever seen.

Major Huger, lace-ruffled shirt, knee-breeks,  
A saddle-pistol in his hand,  
Waits on the terrace,  
Ready for "hospitality " to British privateers;  
But now no London accent takes his ears,  
No English bow so low, "Good evening, *sair*;  
I am de la Fayette, and these, monsieur,  
My friends, and this, le Baron Kalb."

Welcome's the custom of the time and land—  
And these are noblemen of France!  
Now is Bartholomew for turkeycocks,  
Old wines decant, the chandeliers flare up,  
The slave row brims with lights;  
And horses gallop off to summon guests.

After the ship—how good the spacious rooms!  
How strange mosquito canopies on beds!

## *La Fayette Lands*

Knights of St. Louis sniff the frying yams,  
Venison, and turtle,—  
The old green turtle died tonight—  
The children's eyes grow wider on the stairs.

Down in the library,  
The Marquis, writing back to old Auvergne,  
Has sanded down the ink;  
Again the quill pen squeaks:  
“A ship will sail tomorrow back to France,  
By special providence for you, dear wife;  
Tonight there will be toasts to Washington,  
To our good Louis and his Antoinette—  
There will be toasts tonight for la Fayette. . . . .”  
He melts the wax;  
Look, how the candle gutters at the flame!  
And now he seals the letter with his ring.

H. A.

## THE PRIEST AND THE PIRATE \*

A BALLAD OF THEODOSIA BURR

AND must the old priest wake with fright  
Because the wind is high tonight?  
Because the yellow moonlight dead  
Lies silent as a word unsaid—  
What dreams had he upon his bed?

*Listen*—the storm!

The winter moon scuds high and bare;  
Her light is old upon his hair;  
The gray priest muses in a prayer:

“Christ Jesus, when I come to die  
Grant me a clean, sweet, summer sky,  
Without the mad wind’s panther cry.  
Send me a little garden breeze  
To gossip in magnolia trees;  
For I have heard, these fifty years,  
Confessions muttered at my ears,  
Till every mumble of the wind  
Is like tired voices that have sinned,

\* See the note at the back of the book.

### *The Priest and the Pirate*

And furtive skirling of the leaves  
Like feet about the priest-house eaves,  
And moans seem like the unforgiven  
That mutter at the gate of heaven,  
Ghosts from the sea that passed unshriven.

And it was just this time of night  
There came a boy with lantern light  
And he was linen-pale with fright;  
It was not hard to guess my task,  
Although I raised the sash to ask—  
'Oh, Father,' cried the boy, 'Oh, come!  
Quickly with the *viaticum*!  
The sailor-man is going to die!'  
The thirsty silence drank his cry.  
A starless stillness damped the air,  
While his shrill voice kept piping there,  
'The sailor-man is going to die'—  
The huge drops splattered from the sky.

I shivered at my midnight toil,  
But took the elements and oil,  
And hurried down into the street  
That barked and clamored at our feet—  
And as we ran there came a hum  
Of round shot slithered on a drum,  
While like a lid of sound shut down  
The thunder-cloud upon the town;



*Carolina Chansons*

Jalousies banged and loose roofs slammed,  
Like hornbooks fluttered by the damned;  
And like a drover's whip the rain  
Cracked in the driving hurricane.

Only the lightning showed the door  
That like two cats we darted for;  
It almost gave a man a qualm  
To find the house inside so calm.

I sloshed all dripping up the stair,  
Up to an attic room a-glare  
With candle-shine and lightning-flare—  
With little draughts that moved its hair  
A wrinkled mummy sat a-stare,  
Rigid, huddling in a chair.  
I thought at first the thing was dead  
Until the eyes slid in its head.

It seemed as if the Banshee storm  
Knocked screaming for his withered form;  
It shrieked and whistled like a parrot,  
Clucking and stuttering through the garret.  
With-out, the mailéd hands of hail  
Battered the casements, and the gale  
About his low roof shuddered, sighing,  
As if it knew that he was dying.



## *The Priest and the Pirate*

It breathed like waiting beasts outside,  
While soft feet made the shingles slide.

Then, like a blow upon the cheek,  
The mummy's voice began to speak:

‘Give me a priest! I’m going to die!’  
The Banshee wind took up the cry:  
‘Give him a priest, he’s going to die!’  
The old house seemed to rock with laughter,  
Shaking its sides and every rafter.

There was a terror in that room  
Like faint light streaming from a tomb.  
I tried three times before I spoke,  
And then the bald words made me choke:  
‘Be quiet, man, for I am come  
To bring you the *viaticum*!’—  
I made the sign of holiness.  
He rattled out a startled cry.  
I whispered low, ‘Confess, confess!’  
His thin hands quivered with distress.  
It is a bitter thing to die.

Just when a blast fell on the town,  
I felt his lean claws clutch me down.  
It seemed as if the hands of death  
Were beating at my breast for breath;

*Carolina Chansons*

His arms were like a twisted rope  
Of rotten strands that tugged at hope.  
*'Listen, my father, listen well!'*  
The wind went tolling like a bell:

*'She's lying fifty fathoms deep,  
Where fishes like white birds go by  
Through water-air in ocean-land;  
She has a prayer-book in her hand—  
Tonight she walks; tonight she spoke;  
Her hair goes floating out and up,  
Blown one way, with the water weeds,  
Always one way, like amber smoke.*

*She asks the gift she gave to me—  
This ring—I cannot get it off!'*  
His hand and hand fought like two claws—  
*'I hear her calling from the sea!'*  
His terror made my own heart pause.

His voice went moaning with the wind,  
And groaned and rattled, *'I have sinned,'*  
And moaned and murmured at my ear  
Of bat-winged angels standing near.

*'The little schooner "Patriot"—  
I can't forget the vessel's name;*

## *The Priest and the Pirate*

*We met her rounding Naggs Head Bank;  
We made her people walk the plank,  
Twelve men whose faces I forgot.*

*But there was one sweet lady there,  
With lovely eyes and lovely hair,  
Whose face has stayed like pain and care.  
For every man she made a prayer;  
And when the last had found the sea,  
I cried to her to pray for me.*

*She prayed—and took this ring, and said:  
“Wear this for me when I am dead.”  
She bowed her head, then steadfastly  
She walked into the hungry sea.  
But silent words were on her lips,  
And there was comfort in her hand;  
It was as if she walked a bridge  
That led into a pleasant land.  
All that was long and long ago,  
So long ago this ring has grown  
To be a very part of me,  
One with my finger and the bone.’  
His voice went trailing in a moan.*

*‘This is her ring—  
This is her ring!*

## *Carolina Chansons*

*I dare not die and wear the thing!*  
His hand plucked at his finger thin  
As if to ease him of his sin.  
I gave a sudden gasping shout—  
The wind that blew the window in  
Had blown the candle out.

*'Quick, father, quick!*  
*The ring . . . her name . . . '*  
There came a jagged spurt of flame;  
The window seemed a furnace door  
That gave upon a bed of ore;  
The thunder rumbled out the muttered  
Words that his failing tongue had uttered—  
Another flash, a rending crack—  
The old man crumpled like a sack;  
I felt his stringy arms go slack.  
How could he sit so dead, so still!  
While wind snouts snuffed along the sill?

White shone his glimmering face, and dull  
The sodden silence of the lull,  
For when he died the wind had dropt;  
And with his heart the storm had stopt,  
All but a far-off mouthing sound  
That seemed to sough from underground;  
While silence paused to plan some ill,  
Thwarted by thunder growling still.

*The Priest and the Pirate*

All in the darkness of the place  
With lightning playing on its face,  
I fumbled with the corpse's ring  
To which the dead hands seemed to cling;  
The stiffening joints were loth to play—  
After awhile it came away!

Out, like a sneak-thief through the gloom,  
I tiptoed from the dead man's room;  
The door behind me like a hatch  
Banged—the white splash of my match  
Made shadow shapes dance on the wall  
As if the devil pulled the string.  
The light ran melting round the ring;  
Inside the worn script scrawled a-blur:

‘*J. A. to Theodosia Burr*’

Confession is a sacred thing!  
I'll keep his secret like the sea;  
The ring goes to the grave with me.”

H. A.

## PALMETTO TOWN

SEA-ISLAND winds sweep through Palmetto Town,  
S Bringing with piney tang the old romance  
Of Pirates and of smuggling gentlemen;  
And tongues as languorous as southern France  
Flow down her streets like water-talk at fords;  
While through iron gates where pickaninnies sprawl,  
The sound floats back, in rippled banjo chords,  
From lush magnolia shade where mockers call.  
Mornings, the flower-women hawk their wares—  
Bronze caryatids of a genial race,  
Bearing the bloom-heaped baskets on their heads;  
Lithe, with their arms akimbo in wide grace,  
Their jasmine nods jestingly at cares—  
Turbaned they are, deep-chested, straight and tall,  
Banding old English words now seldom heard,  
But sweet as Provençal.  
Dreams peer like prisoners through her harp-like  
gates,  
From molten gardens mottled with gray-gloom,  
Where lichened sundials shadow ancient dates,  
And deep piazzas loom.  
Fringing her quays are frayed palmetto posts,  
Where clipper ships once moored along the ways,

*Palmetto Town*

And fanlight doorways, sunstruck with old ghosts,  
Sicken with loves of her lost yesterdays.  
Often I halt upon some gabled walk,  
Thinking I see the ear-ringed *picaroons*,  
Slashed with a sash or Spanish *folderols*,  
Gambling for moidores or for gold doubloons.  
But they have gone where night goes after day,  
And the old streets are gay with whistled tunes,  
Bright with the lilt of scarlet parasols,  
Carried by honey-voiced young octoroons.

H. A.



## CAROLINA SPRING SONG

AGAINST the swart magnolias' sheen  
A Pronged maples, like a stag's new horn,  
Stand gouted red upon the green,  
In March when shaggy buds are shorn.

Then all a mist-streaked, sunny day  
The long sea-islands lean to hear  
A water harp that shallows play  
To lull the beaches' fluted ear.

When this same music wakes the gift  
Of pregnant beauty in the sod,  
And makes the uneasy vultures shift  
Like evil things afraid of God,

Then, then it is I love to drift  
Upon the flood-tide's lazy swirls,  
While from the level rice fields lift  
The spiritu'ls of darky girls.

I hear them singing in the fields  
Like voices from the long-ago;  
They speak to me of somber worlds  
And sorrows that the humble know;



*Carolina Spring Song*

Of sorrow—yet their tones release  
A harmony of larger hours  
From easy epochs long at peace  
Amid an irony of flowers.

So if they sometimes seem a choir  
That cast a chill of doubt on spring,  
They have still higher notes of fire  
Like cardinals upon the wing.

H. A.

## THE LAST CREW\*

### I

SPRING found us early that eventful year,  
Seeming to know in her clairvoyant way  
The bitterness of hunger and despair  
That lay upon the town.  
Out of the sheer  
Thin altitudes of day  
She drifted down  
Over the grim blockade  
At the harbor mouth,  
Trailing her beauty over the decay  
That war had made,  
Gilding old ruins with her jasmine spray,  
Distilling warm moist perfume  
From chill winter shade.

Out of the south  
She brought the whisperings  
Of questing wings.  
Then, flame on flame,  
The cardinals came,  
Blowing like driven brands

\* See the note at the back of the book.

## *The Last Crew*

Up from the sultry lands  
Where Summer's happy fires always burn.  
Old silences, that pain  
Had held too close and long,  
Stirred to the mocker's song,  
And hope looked out again  
From tired eyes.

Down where the White Point Gardens drank the sun,  
And rippled to the lift of springing grass,  
The women came;  
And after them the aged, and the lame  
That war had hurled back at them like a taunt.  
And always, as they talked of little things,  
How violets were purpling the shade  
More early than in all remembered Springs,  
And how the tides seemed higher than last year,  
Their gaze went drifting out across the bay  
To where,  
Thrusting out of the mists,  
Like hostile fists,  
Waited the close blockade—  
Then, dim to left and right,  
The curving islands with their shattered mounds  
That had been forts;  
Mounds, which in spite  
Of four long years of rending agony  
Still held against the light;

## *Carolina Chansons*

Faint wraiths of color  
For the breeze to lift  
And flatten into faded red and white.

These sunny islands were not meant for wars;  
See, how they curve away  
Before the bay,  
Bidding the voyager pause.  
Warm with the hoarded suns of centuries,  
Young with the garnered youth of many Springs,  
They laugh like happy bathers, while the seas  
Break in their open arms,  
And the slow-moving breeze  
Draws languid fingers down their placid brows.  
Even the surly ocean knows their charms,  
And under the shrill laughter of the surf,  
He booms and sings his heavy monotone.

## II

There are rare nights among these waterways  
When Spring first treads the meadows of the marsh,  
Leaving faint footprints of elusive green  
To glimmer as she strays,  
Breaking the Winter silence with the harsh  
Sharp call of waterfowl;  
Rubbing dim shifting pastels in the scene  
With white of moon

## *The Last Crew*

And blur of scudding cloud,  
Until the myrtle thickets  
And the sand,  
The silent streams,  
And the substantial land  
Go drifting down the tide of night  
Aswoon.

On such a night as this  
I saw the last crew go  
Out of a world too beautiful to leave.  
Only a chosen few  
Beside the crew  
Were gathered on the pier;  
And in the ebb and flow  
Of dark and moon, we saw them fare  
Straight past the row of coffins  
Where the fifth crew lay  
Waiting their last short voyage  
Across the bay.

And, as they went, not one among them swerved,  
But eyes went homing swiftly to the West,  
Where, faint and very few,  
The windows of the town called out to them  
Yet held them nerved  
And ready for the test.  
Young every one, they brought life at its best.

*Carolina Chansons*

In the taut stillness, not a word  
Was uttered, but one heard  
The deep slow orchestration of the night  
Swell and relapse; as swiftly, one by one,  
Cutting a silhouette against the gray,  
They rose, then dropped out softly like a dream  
Into the rocking shadows of the stream.

A sudden grind of metal scarred the hush;  
A marsh-hen threshed the water with her wings,  
And, for a breath, the marsh life woke and throbbed.  
Then, down beneath our feet, we caught the gleam  
Of folded water flaring left and right,  
While, with a noiseless rush,  
A shadow darker than the rest  
Drew from its fellows swarming round the quay,  
Took an oncoming breaker,  
Shook its shoulders free,  
And faced the sea.

Then came an interval that seemed to be  
Part of eternity.  
Years might have passed, or seconds;  
No one knew!  
Close in the dark we huddled, each to each,  
Too stirred for speech.  
Our senses, sharpened to an agony,  
Drew out across the water till the ache

## *The Last Crew*

Was more than we could bear;  
Till eyes could almost see,  
Ears almost hear.  
And waiting there,  
I seemed to feel the beach  
Slip from my reach,  
While all the stars went blank.  
The smell of oil and death enveloped me,  
And I could feel  
The crouching figures straining at a crank,  
Knees under chins, and heads drawn sharply down,  
The heave and sag of shoulders,  
Sting of sweat;  
An eighth braced figure stooping to a wheel,  
Body to body in the stifling gloom,  
The sob and gasp of breath against an air  
Empty and damp and fetid as a tomb.  
With them I seemed to reel  
Beneath the spin and heel  
When combers took them fair,  
Bruising their bodies,  
Lifting black water where  
Their feet clutched desperate at the floor.

And as each body spent out of its ebbing store  
Of strength and hope,  
I felt the forward thrust,  
At first so sure,



## *Carolina Chansons*

Fail in its rhythm,  
Falter slow,  
And slower—  
Hang an endless moment—  
Till in a rush came fear—  
Fear of the sea, that it might win again,  
Gathering one crew more,  
Making them pay in vain.

Then through the horror of it, like a clear  
Sweet wind among the stars,  
I felt the lift  
And drive of heart and will  
Working their miracles until  
Spent muscles tensed again to offer all  
In one transcendent gift.

### III

A sudden flood of moonlight drenched the sea,  
Pointing the scene in sharp, strong black and white.  
Sumter came shouldering through the night,  
Battered and grim.  
The curve of ships shook off their dim  
Vague outlines of a dream;  
And stood, patient as death,  
So certain in their pride,  
So satisfied



## *The Last Crew*

To wait  
The slow inevitableness of Fate.

Close, where the channel  
Narrowed to the bay,  
The *Housatonic* lay  
Black on the moonlit tide,  
Her wide  
High sweep of spars  
Flaunting their arrogance among the stars.

Darkness again,  
Swift-winged and absolute,  
Gulping the stars,  
Folding the ships and sea,  
Holding us waiting, mute.  
Then, slowly in the void,  
There grew a certainty  
That silenced fear.  
The very air  
Was stirring to the march of Destiny.

One blinding second out of endless time  
Fell, sundering the night.  
I saw the *Housatonic* hurled,  
A ship of light,  
Out of a molten sea,  
Hang an unending pulse-beat,

## *Carolina Chansons*

Glowing, stark;  
While the hot clouds flung back a sullen roar.  
Then all her pride, so confident and sure,  
Went reeling down the dark.

Out of the blackness wave on livid wave  
Leapt into being—thundered to our feet;  
Counting the moments for us, beat by beat,  
Until the last and smallest dwindled past,  
Trailing its pallor like a winding-sheet  
Over the last crew and its chosen grave.

### IV

Morning swirled in from the sea,  
And down by the low river-wall,  
In a long unforgettable row,  
Man faces tremulous, old;  
Terrible faces of youth,  
Broken and seared by the war,  
Where swift fire kindled and blazed  
From embers hot under the years,  
While hands gripped a cane or a crutch;  
Patient dumb faces of women,  
Mothers, sisters, and wives:  
And the vessel hull-down in the sea,  
Where the waters, just stirring from sleep,  
Lifted bright hands to the sun,

## *The Last Crew*

Hiding their lusty young dead,  
Holding them jealously close  
Down to the cold harbor floor.

There would be eight of them.  
Here in the gathering light  
Were waiting eight women or more  
Who were destined forever to pay,  
Who never again would laugh back  
Into the eyes of life  
In the old glad, confident way.  
Each huddled dumbly to each;  
But eyes could not lift from the sea,  
Only hands touched in the dawn.

*“He would have gone, my man;  
He was like that. In the night  
When I awoke with a start,  
And brought his voice up from my dream:  
That was goodbye and godspeed.  
I know he is there with the rest.”*

Brave, but with quivering lips,  
Each alone in the press of the crowd,  
Was saying it over and over.

The day flooded all of the sky;  
And the ships of the sullen blockade

*Carolina Chansons*

Weighed anchor and drew down the wind,  
Leaving their wreck to the waves.  
Hour heaved slowly on hour,  
Yet how could the city rejoice  
With the women out there by the wall!  
Night grew under the wharves,  
And crept through the listening streets,  
Until only the red of the tiles  
Seemed warm from the breath of the day;  
And the faces that waited and watched  
Blurred into a wavering line,  
Like foam on the curve of the dark,  
Down there by the reticent sea.

What if the darkness should bring  
The lean blockade-runners across  
With food for the hungry and spent . . .  
Who could joy in the sudden release  
While the faces, still-smiling, but wan,  
Turned slowly to hallow the town?

D. H.

## LANDBOUND

BRING me one breath from the deep salt sea,  
Ye vagrant upland airs!  
Over your forest and field and lea,  
From the windy deeps that have mothered me,  
To the heart of one who cares.

Clear to the peace of the sunlit park,  
You bring with your evening lull  
The vesper song of the meadow lark;  
But my soul is sick for the seething dark,  
And the scream of a wind-blown gull.

And bring to me from the ocean's breast  
No crooning lullaby;  
But the shout of a bleak storm-riven crest  
As it shoulders up in the sodden West  
And hurtles down the sky.

That, breathing deep, I may feel the sweep  
Of the wind and the driving rain.  
For so I know that my heart will leap  
To meet the call of the strident deep,  
And will thrill to life again.

D. H.

TWO PAGES  
FROM THE BOOK OF THE SEA ISLANDS

PAGE ONE

SHADOWS

THERE is deliberateness in all sea-island ways,  
As alien to our days as stone wheels are.  
The Islands cannot see the use of life  
Which only lives for change.  
There days are flat,  
And all things must move slowly;  
Even the seasons are conservative—  
No sudden flaunting of wild colors in the fall,  
Only a gradual fading of the green,  
As if the earth turned slowly,  
Or looked with one still face upon the sun  
As Venus does—  
Until the trees, the fields, the marshes,  
All turn dun, dull Quaker-brown,  
And a mild winter settles down,  
And mosses are more gray.

All human souls are glasses which reflect  
The aspects of the outer world;

*Pages from Book of Sea Islands*

See what terrible gods the huge Himalayas bred!  
And the fierce Jewish Jaywah came  
From the hot Syrian deserts  
With his inhibitory decalogue.  
The gods of little hills are always tame;  
Here God is dull, where all things stay the same.

No change on these sea-islands!  
The huge piled clouds range  
White in the cobalt sky;  
The moss hangs,  
And the strong, tiring sea-winds blow—  
While day on glistening day goes by.

The horses plow with hanging heads,  
Slow, followed by a black-faced man,  
Indifferent to the sun;  
The old cotton bushes hang with whitened heads;  
And there among the live-oak trees,  
Peep the small whitewashed cabins,  
Painted blue, perhaps, and scarlet-turbaned women,  
Ample-hipped, with voices soft and warm  
With the lean hounds and chocolate children swarm.

Day after day the ocean pumps  
The awful valve-gates of his heart,  
Diastole and systole through these estuaries;  
The tides flow in long, gray, weed-streaked lines;



## *Carolina Chansons*

The salt water, like the planet's lifeblood, goes  
As if the earth were breathing with long-taken breaths  
And we were very near her heart.

No wonder that these faces show a tired dismay,  
Looking on burning suns, and scarcely blithe in  
    May;  
Spring's coming is too fierce with life;  
And summer is too long;  
The stunted pine trees struggle with the sand  
Till the eyes sicken with their dwarfing strife.

There are old women here among these island homes,  
With dull brown eyes that look at something gray,  
And tight silver hair, drawn back in lines,  
Like the beach grass that's always blown one way;  
With such a melancholy in their faces  
I know that they have lived long in these places.  
The tides, the hooting owls, the daylight moons,  
The leprous lights and shadows of the mosses,  
The funereal woodlands of these coasts,  
Draped like a perpetual hearse,  
And memories of an old war's ancient losses,  
Dwell in their faces' shadows like gray ghosts.  
And worse—  
The terror of the black man always near—  
The drab level of the ricefields and the marsh  
Lends them a mask of fear.



*Pages from Book of Sea Islands*

PAGE TWO

SUNSHINE

THIS is a different page.

Do you suppose the sun here lavishes his heat  
For nothing, in these islands by the sea?  
No! The great green-mottled melons ripen in the fields,  
Bleeding with scarlet, juicy pith deliciously;  
And the exuberant yams grow golden, thick and sweet;  
And white potatoes, in grave-rows,  
With leaves as rough as cat tongues;  
And pearly onions, and cabbages  
With white flesh, sweet as chicken meat.

These the black boatmen bring to town  
On barges, heaped with severed breasts of leaves,  
Driven by *put-put* engines  
Down the long canals, quavering with song,  
With hail and chuckle to the docks along,  
Seeing their dark faces down below  
Reduplicated in the sunset glow,  
While from the shore stretch out the quivering lines  
Of the flat, palm-like, reflected pines  
That inland lie like ranges of dark hills in lines.  
And so to town—  
Weaving odd baskets of sweet grass,  
Lazily and slow,  
To sell in the arcaded market,  
Where men sold their fathers not so long ago.

## *Carolina Chansons*

For all their poverty,  
These patient black men live  
A life rich in warm colors of the fields,  
Sunshine and hearty foods,  
Delighted with the gifts that earth can give,  
And old tales of *Plateye* and *Bre'r Rabbit*;  
While the golden-velvet cornpone browns  
Underneath the lid among hot ashes,  
Where the *groundnuts* roast,  
Round shadowy fires at nights,  
With tales of graveyard ghost,  
While eery spirituals ring,  
And organ voices sing,  
And sticks knock maddening rhythms on the floor  
To shuffling youngsters "cutting " buck-and-wing;  
Dogs bark;  
And dog-eyed pickaninnies peek about the door.

Sundays, along the moss-draped roads,  
The beribboned black folk go to church  
By threes and twos, carrying their shoes,  
With orange turbans, gingham, rainbow hats;  
Then bucks flaunt tiger-lily ties and watchet suits,  
Smoking cob pipes and faintly sweet cheroots.  
Wagons with oval wheels and kitchen chairs screech by,  
Where Joseph-coated white-teethed maidens sit  
Demurely,  
While the old mule rolls back the ivory of his eye.

*Pages from Book of Sea Islands*

Soon from the whitewashed churches roll away  
Among the live oak trees,  
Rivers of melancholy harmonies,  
Full of the sorrows of the centuries  
The white man hears, but cannot feel.

But it is always Sunday on sea-islands.  
Plantation bells, calling the pickers from the fields,  
Are like old temple gongs;  
And the wind tells monodies among the pines,  
Playing upon their strings the ocean's songs;  
The ducks fly in long, trailing lines;  
Skeows *squonk* and marsh-hens *quank*  
Among the tidal flats and rushes rank on rank;  
On island tufts the heron feeds its viscid young;  
And the quick mocker catches  
From lips of sons of slaves the eery snatches,  
And trolls them as no lips have ever sung.

Oh! It is good to be here in the spring,  
When water still stays solid in the North,  
When the first jasmine rings its golden bells,  
And the "wild wistaria" puts forth;  
But most because the sea then changes tone;  
Talking a whit less drear,  
It gossips in a smoother monotone,  
Whispering moon-scandal in the old earth's ear.

H. A.

## MODERN PHILOSOPHER

THEY fight your battles for you every day,  
The zealous ones, who sorrow in your life.  
Undaunted by a century of strife,  
With urgent fingers still they point the way  
To drawing rooms, in decorous array,  
And moral Heavens where no casual wife  
May share your lot; where dice and ready knife  
Are barred; and feet are silent when you pray.

But you have music in your shuffling feet,  
And spirituals for a lenient Lord,  
Who lets you sing your promises away.  
You hold your sunny corner of the street,  
And pluck deep beauty from a banjo chord:  
Philosopher whose future is today!

D. H.

## UPSTAIRS DOWNSTAIRS

THE judge, who lives impeccably upstairs  
With dull decorum and its implication,  
Has all his servants in to family prayers,  
And edifies *his* soul with exhortation.

Meanwhile his blacks live wastefully downstairs;  
Not always chaste, they manage to exist  
With less decorum than the judge upstairs,  
And find withal a something that he missed.

This painful fact a Swede philosopher,  
Who tarried for a fortnight in our city,  
Remarked, one evening at the meal, before  
We paralyzed him silent with our pity—

Saying the black man living with the white  
Had given more than white men could requite.

H. A.

## HAG-HOLLERIN' TIME

**B**LACK Julius peered out from the galley fly;  
Behind Jim Island, lying long and dim;  
An infra owl-light tinged the twilight sky  
As if a bonfire burned for cherubim.

Dark orange flames came leering through the pines,  
And then the moon's face, struggling with a sneeze,  
Along the flat horizon's level lines  
Her nostrils fingered with palmetto trees.

Her platinum wand made water wrinkles buckle;  
Old Julius gave appreciative chuckle;  
"It's jes about hag-hollerin' time," he said.  
I watched the globous buckeyes in his head

Peer back along the bloody moon-wash dim  
To see the fish-tailed water-witches swim.

H. A.



## MACABRE IN MACAWS

AFTER the hurricane of the late forties,  
Peter Polite says, in the live-oak trees  
Were weird, macabre macaws  
And ash-colored cockatoos, blown overseas  
From Nassau and the West Indies.  
These hopped about like dead men's thoughts  
Among the draggled Spanish moss,  
Preening themselves, all at a loss,  
Mewing faint *caws*,  
And shrieking from nostalgia—  
With dull screams like a child  
Born with neuralgia—  
And this seems true to me,  
Fitting the landscape's drab grotesquery.

H. A.

## GAMESTERS ALL \*

THE river boat had loitered down its way;  
The ropes were coiled, and business for the day  
Was done. The cruel noon closed down  
And cupped the town.  
Stray voices called across the blinding heat,  
Then drifted off to shadowy retreat  
Among the sheds.  
The waters of the bay  
Sucked away  
In tepid swirls, as listless as the day.  
Silence closed about me, like a wall,  
Final and obstinate as death.  
Until I longed to break it with a call,  
Or barter life for one deep, windy breath.

A mellow laugh came rippling  
Across the stagnant air,  
Lifting it into little waves of life.  
Then, true and clear,  
I caught a snatch of harmony;  
Sure lilting tenor, and a drowsing bass,  
Elusive chords to weave and interlace,

\* "Contemporary Verse," prize poem for 1921.



*Gamesters All*

And poignant little minors, broken short,  
Like robins calling June—

And then the tune:

“Oh, nobody knows when de Lord is goin ter call,  
*Roll dem bones.*

It may be in de Winter time, and maybe in de Fall,  
*Roll dem bones.*

But yer got ter leabe yer baby an yer home an all—  
*So roll dem bones,*

Oh my brudder,

Oh my brudder,

Oh my brudder,

*Roll dem bones!”*

There they squatted, gambling away

Their meagre pay;

Fatalists all.

I heard the muted fall

Of dice, then the assured,

Retrieving sweep of hand on roughened board.

I thought it good to see

Four lives so free

From care, so indolently sure of each tomorrow,

And hearts attuned to sing away a sorrow.

Then, like a shot

Out of the hot

*Carolina Chansons*

Still air, I heard a call:  
"Throw up your hands! I've got you all!  
It's thirty days for craps.  
Come, Tony, Paul!  
Now, Joe, don't be a fool!  
I've got you cool."

I saw Joe's eyes, and knew he'd never go.  
Not Joe, the swiftest hand in River Bow!  
Springing from where he sat, straight, cleanly made,  
He soared, a leaping shadow from the shade  
With fifty feet to go.  
It was the stiffest hand he ever played.  
To win the corner meant  
Deep, sweet content  
Among his laughing kind;  
To lose, to suffer blind,  
Degrading slavery upon "the gang,"  
With killing suns, and fever-ridden nights  
Behind relentless bars  
Of prison cars.

He hung a breathless second in the sun,  
The staring road before him. Then, like one  
Who stakes his all, and has a gamester's heart,  
His laughter flashed.  
He lunged—I gave a start.  
God! What a man!

## *Gamesters All*

The massive shoulders hunched, and as he ran  
With head bent low, and splendid length of limb,  
I almost felt the beat  
Of passionate life that surged in him  
And winged his spurning feet.

And then my eyes went dim.  
The Marshal's gun was out.  
I saw the grim  
Short barrel, and his face  
Aflame with the excitement of the chase.  
He was an honest sportsman, as they go.  
He never shot a doe,  
Or spotted fawn,  
Or partridge on the ground.  
And, as for Joe,  
He'd wait until he had a yard to go.  
Then, if he missed, he'd laugh and call it square.  
My gaze leapt to the corner—waited there.  
And now an arm would reach it. I saw hope flare  
Across the runner's face.

Then, like a pang  
In my own heart,  
The pistol rang.

The form I watched soared forward, spun the curve.  
"By God, you've missed!"

*Carolina Chansons*

The Marshal shook his head.  
No, there he lay, face downward in the road.  
“I reckon he was dead  
Before he hit the ground,”  
The Marshal said.  
“Just once, at fifty feet,  
A moving target too.  
That’s just about as good  
As any man could do!  
A little tough;  
But, since he ran,  
I call it fair enough.”

He mopped his head, and started down the road.  
The silence eddied round him, turned and flowed  
Slowly back and pressed against the ears.  
Until unnumbered flies set it to droning,  
And, down the heat, I heard a woman moaning.

D. H.

## ECLIPSE

ONCE melodies of street-cries washed these walls,  
Glad as the reflux song  
Of cheerful waters from a happy spring  
That shout their way along;  
Such cries were born in other days from lips  
A spirit taught to sing. Now it is gone!

Memory expects those hymns for shrimp and prawn,  
Or the mellifluous chaunt from the black gorge  
Of Orpheus inside a murky skin,  
Who looked the gold sun in the eye  
While garden mists grew thin,  
And intoned "*Hoppin' John!*"

As when the shadow of the gray eclipse  
Haggards the countryside,  
When moon-fooled birds have nothing more to say,  
And soft untimely bats begin to slide;  
As darkness sweeps the morning light away,  
So silence brushes music now from lips.

Oh! Can it be the songless spirit of this age  
Has slain the ancient music, or that ears

*Carolina Chansons*

Have harsher thresholds? Only this I know:  
The streets grow more discordant with the years;  
And that which bids the huckster sing no more,  
Will drive the flower-woman from the door.

H. A.

EDGAR ALLAN POE \*

ONCE in the starlight  
When the tides were low,  
And the surf fell sobbing  
To the undertow,  
I trod the windless dunes  
Alone with Edgar Poe.

Dim and far behind us,  
Like a fabled bloom  
On the myrtle thickets,  
In the swaying gloom  
Hung the clustered windows  
Of the barrack-room.

Faint on the evening  
Tenuous and far  
As the beauty shaken  
From a vagrant star,  
Throbbled the ache and passion  
Of an old guitar.

Life closed behind us  
Like a swinging gate,

\* See the note on Poe.



*Carolina Chansons*

Leaving us unfettered  
And emancipate;  
Confidants of Destiny,  
Intimates of Fate.

I could only cower,  
Silent, while the night,  
Seething with its planets,  
Parted to our sight,  
Showing us infinity  
In its breadth and height.

But my chosen comrade,  
Tossing back his hair  
With the old loved gesture,  
Raised his face, and there  
Shone the agony that those  
Loved of God must bear.

Oh, we heard the many things  
Silence has to say;  
He and I together  
As alone we lay  
Waiting for the slow, sweet  
Miracle of day.

When the bugle's silver  
Spiralled up the dawn,



*Edgar Allan Poe*

Dew-clear, night-cool,  
And the stars were gone,  
I arose exultant,  
Like a man new born.

But my friend and master,  
Heavy-limbed and spent,  
Turned, as one must turn at last  
From the sacrament;  
And his eyes were deep with God's  
Burning discontent.

D. H.

## ALCHEMY \*

SOME souls are strangers in this bourne;  
Beauty is born from such men's discontent;  
Earth's grass and stones,  
Her seas, her forests, and her air  
Are seas and forests till they mirror on some pool  
Unusually reflecting in an exile's mind,  
Who tarries here protesting and alone;  
And then they get strange shapes from memories of  
other stars  
The banished knew, or spheres he dreams will be.  
Thus is the fivefold vision of the earth recast  
By ghostly alchemy.

But there are favored spots  
Where all earth's moods conspire to make a show  
Of things to be transmuted into beauty  
By alchemic minds.  
Such is this island beach where Poe once walked,  
And heard the melic throbbing of the sea,  
With muffled sound of harbor bells—  
Bells—he loved bells!

\* See the note on Poe.

## *Alchemy*

And here are drifting ghosts of city chimes  
Come over water through the evening mist,  
Like knells from death-ships off the coasts of spectral  
lands.

I think some dusk their metal voices  
Yet will call him back  
To walk upon this magic beach again,  
While Grief holds carnival upon the harbor bar.  
Heralded by ravens from another air,  
The master will pass, pacing here,  
Wrapped in a cape dark as the unborn moon.  
There will be lightning underneath a star;  
And he will speak to me  
Of archipelagoes forgot,  
Atolls in sailless seas, where dreams have married  
thought.

H. A.

## OSCEOLA \*

### AN EPITAPH

THE feathers of the eagle-bonnets ride upon the  
north wind;  
The sachems and their totems have perished in the  
fire;  
Through the valleys and the rivers and the moun-  
tains that you fought for  
Beats the quick desire.  
In the happy hunting ground of proven warriors,  
You have passed the pipe of peace at council fire  
With the pale-face and the Zulus' mighty chief-  
tains—  
Rest with dead desire.

H. A.

\* The Indian Chief, Osceola, lies buried at Fort Moultrie.

## MAGNOLIA GARDENS

### A PROSE-POEM

IN the spring when the first midges dance and warm days lure the last-year's butterfly, the scarlet of the cardinals begins to flicker through the ivory smoke of the mosses. Then the alligator leaves his winter ooze, and the widening "O" of the ripple which his gar-like nose makes, travels slowly across the sullen ponds, where the pendant gonfalons of the mosses kiss their imaginary duplicates, hanging head downward in the red water.

When the first frog honks with the bull-voiced trumpet of resurgent spring, the jasmine rings its little hawk-bells, golden harp notes through the forest; and the usurping wistaria assumes the purple, reigning imperial and alone, flaunting its *palidementum* in a cascade of lilac amid the matrix of the mosses. Its sleek, muscular vine-arms writhe round the clasped bodies of live oaks as if two lovers slept beneath a cloak, and the cloisonné pavilion of their dalliance drips a blue-glaze of shadows overhead.

Underneath this motley canopy of gray and blue, lush with the early tenderness of leaves, the pink

## *Carolina Chansons*

azaleas open light-shy eyes like pupils of albinos, sloughing off delicate pods that smoulder, when the wind blows, live coals among the gray of furnace ashes. Here are magenta carpets fit for leprechauns, when crescent moons glimmer upon the ocher ponds, and the slow fireflies light their phantom lanterns, weaving to and fro about the ivory-orange marble of the tomb.

Each April day brings opalescent waves of birds that dart like living brands about the aisles to light the flower lamps; nonpareils, orioles, and humming-birds, a mist of speed upon their wings, while the blue heron stands one-legged by the ponds, watching the garden till it seethes and flames with colors from the cloaks of mandarins.

High in the ancient forest the magnolias burn the perfect alban lucence of their lamps; white are their ivory cups like priestly linen, and fragrant with the tang of foreign citrons. An esoteric, mirrored swan slides by like Cleopatra's barge, while drums of color beaten by a maniac blend with old tints of Leonardo's dreams, colors that God might see if his own lightning blasted out his eyes.

This march of color chants a strange barbaric fitness of dithyrambic chords, and moves processional

## *Magnolia Gardens*

across the days like some encarnadined durbar, where a huge Ethiopian eunuch in red moon-shaped slippers and an orange turban walks with a glittering scimeter, leading a brace of sleepy leopards drugged and golden eyed; the caparisoned elephants swing down a latticed street; silk shawls hang from balconies, brushing the domed gilt of howdahs; and ruby-roped, the maharajahs sway behind the mahout with his peavey-goad.

The stark denial of the blue-ribbed sky looks down upon this garden, where the wantonness of earth is flaunted in the spring against the face of heaven's void sterility. Here stolid faces look ashamed. When the sun leans on boreal wings, there is a month that lovers walk here justified, while flower throats cry in vast choirs, "Glory to life! " and the uplifted trumpets of vine tubas shout with noise of color set to notes of bloom.



## MIDDLETON GARDEN

THIS is a garden where the Son of Heaven  
Well might walk,  
With all his dragon-broidered mandarins,  
To the plucked sound of tenor instruments,  
With peacocks, kites, and little red balloons,  
Mirrored with incense and rice-paper lights,  
And old bronze lanterns on the full moon nights,  
Upon the lacquered, porcelain-pink lagoons.

If cardinals in sun-blood robes were here  
To kiss the ring of gorgeous Borgia popes;  
Or bold de Gama's loot from Malabar:  
Topaz and ruby, chrysolite and beryl,  
The golden idol with a thousand hands,  
And ropes of pearl;  
They would seem lesser than these flowers are,  
Whose masculine magnificence makes riches pale.

And yet with all its oriental hue  
There is a touch of Holland,  
Of canals at Loo,  
Where Orange William planned a boxwood maze.  
The house has Flemish curves upon its eaves;



## *Middleton Garden*

Its doorways yearn for buckle-shoed young bloods,  
Smoking clay pipes, with lace a-droop from sleeves—  
Moonlight on terraces is like a story told  
By sleepy link-boys 'round old sedan chairs  
In days when tulip bulbs were gold.

The faint, crisp rustle of magnolia leaves  
Rasps with the crackling scratch of old brocade,  
The low bird-voices ripple like the laugh  
Of Watteau beauties coiffured, with pomade;  
Here ribboned dandies offered scented snuffs  
To other ghosts, beneath the giant trees—  
Was that a flash of rose-flamingo stuffs—  
Azaleas?—was a sneeze blown down the breeze?

This terrace is a stage set by the years,  
Fit for the pageants of the centuries;  
That fire-scarred ruin marks an act of tears—  
Charm is more winsome coped with tragedies.  
Here flaunted tilted hats and crinolines,  
Small parasols, hoopskirts, and bombazines,  
When turbaned slaves walked dykes in single file,  
And rice-fields made horizons, otherwhile.

All, all has passed, but change,  
Gnawed by the rat-like teeth of avid years,  
The masters, through the door, to mysteries  
Beyond blind panels 'mid the moss-scarved trees,

*Carolina Chansons*

Uncanny gates, where negroes faintly bold,  
At high noon in the tide of summer heat,  
Stand in the draught of tomb-air deathly cold  
That flows like glacial water 'round their feet.

H. A.

## THE GOOSE CREEK VOICE

THIS is the low-doored house among funereal trees,  
Where one May dusk they brought Louise,  
With music slow,  
And sobbing low,  
The old slaves crooning eerily.  
She died asleep and weeping wearily.  
She had a poppy-strange disease;  
A beauty that was more than carnal,  
How durst they leave her in the charnel?  
She might be sleeping eerily!

Hush! They have locked her in the tomb,  
Among the silences and wilting bloom;  
Life's melody of voices drifts away—

Mistaken!

Was it an owlet in the thorns that moaned?  
The churchyard moonlight turns ash-gray—

Hush! Pale Louise!

The dead must not awaken.  
Something a twittering cry is uttering.

Is that a bird there on her breast,

Lost in the fragrant gloom,  
Wakening to morning twilight in the tomb?  
No bird—it is her folded hands a-fluttering!

## *Carolina Chansons*

I think I should have died to see her rise  
Among the withered wreaths  
And spider-cluttered palls  
Of her dead uncles' funerals,  
While streams of horror fed the blue lakes of her eyes.  
I known I would have died to see her rise.

*Over the fields a voice calls from the tomb,  
Pleading and pleading drearily,  
But all the slaves have fled  
And left her talking to her confined dead,  
And whimpering eerily.  
The young birds die  
To see old hands thrust from the window-slit,  
Clutching the light in handfuls of despair;  
Stark fear has stroked the color from her hair,  
While from the window comes  
The babbled whisper of her prayer.  
Night is like spiders in her mouth;  
By day they spin a film across her eyes.  
Now night; now day—  
The birds come back;  
It is another year:  
The withering voice they fear  
Has nothing more to say.*

But yet once more  
Her kinsmen came

*The Goose Creek Voice*

With nodding plume and pall  
And music slow,  
And, sobbing low,  
They fluttered back the door, and lo!—  
She leaned against the slit-window  
Her web-like, bony hands against the wall,  
And all about her, like a summer cloud  
Rippled her leprous hair,  
One bleached and shuddering shroud.

H. A.

## THE LEAPING POLL

At early morning when the earth grows cold,  
When river mists creep up,  
And those asleep are nearest death,  
She died.  
The feather would not flutter in her breath;  
And those who long had watched her slipped away,  
Too weary then to weep;  
They could do that next day—  
They left her lonely on the bed,  
Under a long, glistening sheet, in feeble tallow-shine,  
Rigid from muffled feet to swathèd head.

This in old days before the Turkish cure  
Had driven out the pox;  
Next morning, while slave carpenters  
Were hammering at the oblong box,  
The sun revived her and she breathed again,  
Like Lazarus, and in later years grew beautiful,  
And was the mother of strong men.

These things her father, master of an ancient place,  
Pondered, and read of men in antique times  
Who wakened in the charnel from a trance.  
Often his eyes would rest on her askance,  
And fear grew on him, and strange dreams he had a-bed,

## The Leaping Poll

Till waking and asleep he turned his head,  
Front-back, front-back, from side to side,  
Looking for Death. At last, one night  
He heard crisp footfalls in his room,  
And stared his soul out in the gloom,  
Peering until he died.

But when they broke the seals upon his will,  
They found each codicil and long bequest  
Was held in trust 'until  
The heirs should carry out his last request—  
To burn his body (naming witnesses);  
And they, all eagerness to share,  
Prepared to carry out this strange behest.

A pile of lightwood on the river bank,  
Neighbors on horseback, and the slaves,  
With teeth as white as eyeballs, rank on rank,  
Watched on the pyre the form wrapped in a shroud,  
Lonely among the lolling tongues of flames—  
The smoke streamed, trailing in a saffron cloud,  
The greedy noise of fire grew loud,  
Then, “whiff,” the shroud burned with a flare:  
The dead man’s eyes looked down  
Like china moons upon the crowd.  
They saw him slowly shake his head,  
The thing denied that it was dead,  
While from the blacks arose a babblement of prayer.



*Carolina Chansons*

Surely the head must stop—  
Not till the fire caved!  
Then from the very top  
The loosened poll came with a leap,  
Bounding three times, it took the river-steep;  
Down, down the river bank—all they  
Ran after it like school boys for a ball.  
God! How the thing could roll!  
It seemed the devil kicked the leaping poll.  
At last it stopped at bay,  
Staring across a tidal flat,  
Where spider lilies frightened day.

They buried it within a lonesome wood,  
With trembling hands, beneath a foreign stone.  
But there were some who said  
It moved its lips;  
And when they went away, the earth stirred  
And they heard it moan.  
Now it comes leaping down the tunnel roads  
Where the moss hangs like stalactites,  
Screaming out curses, snapping at the toads;  
Negroes who pass there on the moonless nights  
Behind them hear a sound that stops their breath.  
The keen wind whistles through its teeth,  
And the white skull goes bounding by  
Looking for Death.

H. A.



## THE BLOCKADE RUNNER

### I

THREE years!

Since I had seen the city, in the time  
We waited through the tenseness of the hours,  
While nerves were zither strings  
For fate to jar upon:  
All through that night we counted old St. Michael's  
chimes

Now three o'clock—

The bells spoke as they had on marriage days,  
With high and silver-happy tongues  
Yet somehow they had gained an irony,  
For out across the quiet April bay  
Grim, new-built forts grinned at old Sumter  
Through the morning mist—

*One—two—three—four—*

And no sound yet! Then—

Thirty minutes like a life too long;  
A red flash dirked the night;  
I thought a voice cried, "DOOM";  
That was the gun that killed a million men.

God! How the city woke!

With what a rush of wonder in her streets,

*Carolina Chansons*

“*Burr*” of strained voices, earthquakes of feet,  
Tramping to rolling drums,  
The crowd swept to the Battery.  
Roofs were black with gazing folk in knots,  
Leveling their spyglasses  
Like phalanx spears,  
From sea wall to the chimney tops.

Over the rippling harbor came  
The growling, bull-dog bark of culverins,  
Red rockets curved and plunged  
Across the dawn.  
The world seemed drunk with confidence  
That day—  
Some secret nervousness about the slaves;  
What they might think or say;  
But they did neither;  
The bugles shouted at the Citadel.  
Hours were punctuated by glad bells,  
Soon to be hid away,  
And gales of laughter came from gardens,  
Where bright tear-dashed eyes must weep farewells  
The braver lips refused to falter—  
Mouths then seemed only made to kiss  
For men in gray,  
Who left the ancient houses of proud names,  
Through magic gates upon that magic day  
When the lost cause was still-born in its hope.

## *The Blockade Runner*

### II

And I had gone—  
It seemed no man's work then—  
To buy supplies from "good friends" at the North—  
Two years at old St. Louis and then down the river,  
Past winking lights of towns and federal rams,  
In flat-boats with a precious freight of barrels,  
Marked for the Yankees; but one night  
We slipped past their last fort  
And floated down to Vicksburg through the dark.  
How dull the lanterns glimmered at the quay!  
But there was welcome, too,  
Proud, thankful hands,  
To take the medicine and powder,  
And unload sorghum barrels  
That we might change to quinine and to gold,  
If we could ever get them to Nassau.  
The column which they printed in the "News"  
On wall-paper, first made me think  
That it was worth-while man's work after all.

Then, out across the miles of leaguered states,  
Through pine-barrens where frowsy men in gray  
Lay with their wounded in the haggard camps—  
A glimpse of old times in Atlanta  
Like a last febrile glow in well-loved eyes.  
Now rolling in flat cars, trundling to the sea,  
Back of the bull-head, wood-devouring engines.

## Carolina Chansons

At last by night to Charleston  
Just before the iron ring closed—  
Ours was the last freight train of the war,  
Before the anaconda squeezed;  
But I had won (perhaps) if we could get  
Those precious barrels to England or Nassau.

How changed my city was—  
The grass grew in her streets,  
And there were blackened ruins raw with fire;  
A few old darkies crept along her ways;  
The busy thunder of the drays was gone;  
And ruin spoke with statue lips.  
Only a glimmering candle lurked in landward win-  
dows,  
Dim through shimmering shutter chinks—  
Silence—silence was over all—no bells—  
St. Michael's were in hiding,  
And St. Philip's spoke another voice,  
And rung a blatant dirge to bluecoats, far  
\* In old Virginia, with Lee's batteries.  
The miles of cotton rotted on the wharfs,  
And the *Swamp Angel* belled with distant shocks  
Like earthquake jars;  
There was heat-lightning in the sky  
That God had never made,  
From our sea-island batteries;

\* See the note on the chimes at back of book.

### *The Blockade Runner*

And once a shell fell somewhere in the town  
With a despairing scream that hope was dead.

Such were the streets—  
And it was starving time in houses  
Where fat generosity once ran amuck,  
No fires in inns, no cheerful bark of hounds,  
Or stroke of social hoofs upon the stones.  
And the long docks bit the black water  
Like old loosened fangs that held the sea  
In one last grinning jaw-clamp of despair.

I knew those docks  
When at the hour of noon  
A molten clangor shivered cheerful air  
And thousand ship-bells rang—  
And now—only a drifting buoy-bell rung  
The knell of hope with its emphatic tongue,  
Cut loose by the blockaders  
To wander down the harbor in despair.

### III

Close in the shadow of a warehouse lay  
The blockade-runner with her smokestacks gray,  
Back-raking like her masts, and up her hatches  
Came voices, and the furnace-light in patches  
Beat on the sails, and there alone was life—

## *Carolina Chansons*

The stevedores sang muffled snatches, and a strife  
Of bales and barrels streamed down her yawning hold;  
Cotton more valuable than money,  
And barrels of the St. Louis sorghum and molasses,  
Honey to lure the bees of English gold.

Three days she lay, this arrow-pointed boat,  
With a light gold necklace, beaded at her throat,  
Something there was about her like a stoat  
That lies in wait to make a silent rush,  
And there was something in her like a thrush,  
For she had paddle-wheels, each like a wing.  
She had a long hornet stern that seemed to hold a sting.

Sometimes her paddles slowly turned,  
For they kept steam up, waiting for a gale.  
It seemed as if the slim boat chafed and yearned  
To go hell-tearing under steam and sail.  
The oily water churned  
And made a *slap-slap* to the paddles' stroke;  
And a high painted canvas screen cut off  
The blue haze of the lightwood smoke.

On the third evening, just at sunset, came  
A scud of driving cloud; the lightning's flame;  
The sun glared from a vicious, misty socket,  
And in the moaning twilight curved a rocket  
While a blue flame blurred and frayed



## *The Blockade Runner*

At Castle Pinckney; thus we knew the storm  
Had shifted the blockade.

### IV

Out from the docks we shot  
Into the screaming night;  
We steered by lightning's light;  
The paddles beat a mad tattoo;  
The gridded walking-beam  
Pumped up, pumped down,  
Against the misty gleam;  
Faster and faster jets the stand-pipes' steam.  
And the white water whirls  
Astern in phosphorescent whorls—  
It swirls  
And then leads backward green with light  
Of streaming foam across the velvet night.

By the last lightning flare,  
That must be Sumter, bare  
Against a torn cloud like a rag;  
But now the wind begins to flag,  
And as it fails the engines lag;  
Then comes a low hail from the mast  
"Avast"—  
Again the engines slow—  
Then stop—  
And we were drifting like a log

*Carolina Chansons*

As silent as a drowned corpse  
In the sea-set tide,  
Muffled in dripping fog.

No word from all the ship—  
She seemed asleep—  
Only the cluck of water and the feel  
Of grim Atlantic rollers at the keel,  
Nuzzling two fathoms deep;  
They made her heel.  
The porpoise played about our copper lip.  
It seemed as if they were  
The only living things in all that blur,  
And we—  
The only ship upon an ancient sea.

When suddenly a laugh broke through the spell;  
It was so near  
Our pulses lapsed a heart-beat,  
Struck with fear.  
The curtains of the fog were blown apart;  
Stark in the sallow moonlight's metal day,  
The white decks of a Yankee frigate lay.  
I saw the glint of moonlight on her bell;  
She was not twenty fathoms length away.  
A man's face leaped out in the cherry glow  
Of match flame in the hands he cupped  
About the pipe whose curling wreaths he supped.



## *The Blockade Runner*

“Clang! ” like a fireman’s gong  
Our engine signals rang;  
The paddles thrashed into a frothy song;  
Five ship’s lengths we had forged along  
Before their bugles sang.

We had ten long lengths on them  
Before their ship began to swerve.  
The rabid screw was frothing at her stern;  
But I could feel the verve  
Of our blithe timbers tremble; every nerve  
Of our good race-horse ship  
For open water seemed to yearn.

That was a Titan’s race;  
The answering rockets snaked it down the coast,  
Dying like scarlet worms  
Among the fog-wreaths; but we gained,  
And when her flaming cannon stabbed the mist  
They thundered at our ghost.

So we were gone,  
With cotton in our furnace,  
Once the aft-stacks flared, <sup>2</sup><sub>1</sub>  
And then we plied pitch-pine  
Dampened with turpentine,  
Until the black sea glared—  
But we had gone—

*Carolina Chansons*

Over the world's round shoulder  
Thrust the dawn,  
Their ugly, black masts dipping it hull down.  
Three days the paddles beat while we drove on!

And I had won;  
For on the fourth day as I sat  
In the black coffin-shadow of a boat,  
The burning decks a-wash with lime-white sun,  
I saw the graybeard lookout swell his throat  
And utter forth a glad and bronze hurrah,  
“*Land Ho!*” he cried—  
We lined the windward side  
To cheer the washing palm tops of Nassau.

H. A.

## BEYOND DEBATE

OUT from the wrought-iron gate  
Miss Perdee drives in state;  
Miss Perdee wears the thin smile  
And the sleeves of 1888.

Miss Perdee's face is stifled as a sonnet;  
Upon her wire-tight hair a duck-shaped bonnet  
Nests, nodding with a *cachepeigne*  
Of violets on it.

East Bay, some tea and talk, then home by King.  
The horses have an antiquated plod;  
The team is old, but not too old to balk  
If driven north of Broad.

Miss Perdee wears the sure air of a queen,  
Which only queens and Perdees can achieve.  
The Perdees had blue blood in Adam's veins  
When Adam had the rib he gave to Eve.

Back through the wrought-iron gate  
Miss Perdee drives in state.  
Miss Perdee lives down on the Battery!  
Beyond debate.

H. A.

## MARSH TACKIES \*

BROWSING on the salty marsh grass,  
Barrel-ribbed and blowsy-bellied,  
With a neigh as shrill as whistles  
And their mouths red-raw from thistles,  
I have seen the brown *marsh tackies*,  
Hiding in the swamps at Kiawah,  
With the gray mosquito patches  
Gory on their shaggy thatches.  
Balky, vicious, and degenerates,  
They are small as Spanish jennets,  
But their sires were with El Tarab,  
When he conquered Andalusia  
For the Prophet and the Arab;  
And they came with Ponce de Leon,  
When the Spaniard made a *peon*  
And a Christian of the Carib.  
Peering from palmetto thickets  
At some fort's coquina wickets,  
Startled Indians saw them grazing,  
Thunder-stamping and amazing  
As the beasts from other stars,  
When they galloped down savannas,  
And their masters seemed centaurs  
With the new white metal blazing.

\* See the note at the back of the book.

### *Marsh Tackies*

Thus they came, these little beasts,  
With the men-at-arms and priests,  
In the west with Coronado  
When he reached the Colorado,  
In the east with bold De Soto  
In the search for El Dorado,  
And they packed the bells and toys  
That the chieftains loved like boys;  
Struggling through the swamps and briars  
After dons and tonsured friars;  
Dying in the forests dismal,  
Till the shrill of silver clarion  
Brought the buzzards to the carrion  
Round the smoke of lonely fires  
In a continent abysmal.

So De Soto left them dying,  
Heedless of their human crying;  
Here he turned them loose to die  
Underneath a foreign sky;  
But they lived on thicket dross,  
On the leaves and Spanish moss—  
And I wonder, and I wonder,  
When I hear the startled thunder  
Of their hoofs die down the reaches  
Of these Carolina beaches.

H. A.

## BACK RIVER

### "MEDWAY PLANTATION"

BACK RIVER! What a name  
For yesterdays come back again today,  
Reborn to be tomorrows still the same—  
A landgrave built it when the English came;  
Then men made houses well  
With cunning hands.  
And service wore a nearer, feudal guise—  
Witness the stone where "Rose,  
A faithful servant," lies.

*Parnassus* stretches east, beyond that  
The plantation once called *Ararat*;  
But they have gone,  
Forgotten as an ancient drinking song;  
And the old houses, dull and roofless,  
Gape, with their doorways  
Like a dumb mouth toothless,  
With snake-engendering rooms that wall in fear,  
Silent, down forest roadways loved by deer.

Sometimes at nights  
These skeletons of houses flash with lights,

## *Back River*

And shadow-horsemen ride,  
Chasing wraith-deer  
With eery cry of hounds  
And shuddering cheer;  
While the moon makes her rounds,  
Glimmering through windows dead  
As the dead eyes in a dead man's head;  
And there is heard a misty horn—  
Down in the woods,  
Among the moss-draped solitudes,  
The voodoo rooster crows,  
While owls hoot on forlorn.

But *Back River* wears a different face;  
It has not changed;—  
Time seems to love the place;  
Though all about it he has ranged,  
Here he has not  
Touched with his wand of rot—  
Something of its immortal live-oak sap suffuses  
Its sturdy men and houses and transfuses  
Change into state.  
The sunny hours wait at strange behest.  
Here restless Time himself has come to rest.

The golden ivory of primeval light  
Dwells in its Spanish moss,  
Falling in living cascades from the trees,



*Carolina Chansons*

And who goes there in summer hears the bees  
Booming among the Pride of India trees,  
Dull grumbling tones,  
A deaf man dreams,  
Like far-off rumbling sound of boulder-stones  
Washed down by headlong streams.  
This is Time's temple;  
Here he sleepy lies,  
Watching the buzzards circle in the skies,  
While shrubs slough off the pod,  
Making a carpet delicate  
Of petals strewn upon the sod,  
Fit for the silver slippers of the moon  
Upon the streets of Nod.

I saw him once asleep  
Down by the dark ponds  
Where alligators creep.  
He had been fishing with a willow withe,  
And by him lay his hourglass and scythe,  
Resting upon the grass;  
They lay there in the sun,  
And through the glass the sands had ceased to run.

H. A.

## DUSK

THEY tell me she is beautiful, my City,  
That she is colorful and quaint, alone  
Among the cities. But I, I who have known  
Her tenderness, her courage, and her pity,  
Have felt her forces mould me, mind and bone,  
Life after life, up from her first beginning.  
How can I think of her in wood and stone!  
To others she has given of her beauty,  
Her gardens, and her dim, old, faded ways,  
Her laughter, and her happy, drifting hours,  
Glad, spendthrift April, squandering her flowers,  
The sharp, still wonder of her Autumn days;  
Her chimes that shimmer from St. Michael's steeple  
Across the deep maturity of June,  
Like sunlight slanting over open water  
Under a high, blue, listless afternoon.  
But when the dusk is deep upon the harbor,  
She finds *me* where her rivers meet and speak,  
And while the constellations ride the silence  
High overhead, her cheek is on *my* cheek.  
I know her in the thrill behind the dark  
When sleep brims all her silent thoroughfares.  
She is the glamor in the quiet park

*Carolina Chansons*

That kindles simple things like grass and trees.  
Wistful and wanton as her sea-born airs,  
Bringer of dim, rich, age-old memories.  
Out on the gloom-deep water, when the nights  
Are choked with fog, and perilous, and blind,  
She is the faith that tends the calling lights.  
Hers is the stifled voice of harbor bells  
Muffled and broken by the mist and wind.  
Hers are the eyes through which I look on life  
And find it brave and splendid. And the stir  
Of hidden music shaping all my songs,  
And these my songs, my all, belong to her.

D. H.

## NOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY



## NOTES

### NOTE ON THE CHIMES

#### TO ACCOMPANY "SILENCES"

The bells of Charleston, like the bells of London Town, have a peculiar interest. St. Michael's bells and clock were brought from England in 1764. When the British evacuated Charleston in 1782 they took the bells with them. A Mr. Ryhineu bought them in England and returned them. They were rehung in November, 1783. During the Civil War, St. Michael's steeple was the target for Federal artillery and fleet guns. In 1861 the bells were taken to Columbia, S. C., where two of them were stolen, and the rest injured by fire when the city was burned. Those left were again sent to England, and recast in the original moulds. In March, 1867, they once again rang out from the spire.

St. Phillip's Church stands in the old part of the town. During the Civil War its bells were cast into cannon. For a long time its steeple was used as a lighthouse. It is the center of forgotten things.

The bells of St. Matthew's are modern and speak of

## *Carolina Chansons*

a new order, but all the bells are the voice of the town. They speak for her silences, which are eloquent.

### NOTE ON "THE PIRATES"

The many inlets and sheltering coves of the Carolina coasts very early made the "low country " seaboard a rendezvous for pirates and a shelter to refit, and to bury their treasure.

As early as 1565 the French from Ribault's settlement succumbed to the temptation to plunder their rich Spanish neighbors; and in the century before the coming of the English, the lonely bays and estuaries saw strange ships from time to time. There was a pirate settlement by 1664 at Cape Fear River, where Governor Sayle did not arrive until 1670 to take formal possession for the Lords Proprietors of the colony.

The Peace of Utrecht turned many privateers into pirates, ships which had been habitually preying upon Spanish commerce since Blake's victory at Santa Cruz in 1657, and these gentlemen of fortune were at first welcome in the Carolinas. Nearly all the coin in circulation then was at first brought by such doubtful adventurers, and they were regarded as the natural protectors of the Carolinas against their powerful enemy, the Spaniard, to the south.



## Notes

Gradually, however, this cordial attitude changed. It was a small step from attacking Spanish to plundering English commerce, and with the cultivation and export of rice and indigo, the demand for a safe sea passage grew overwhelming, while the coasts continued to be ravaged. The royal government was slow to act. In 1684 we learn that "the governor will not in all probability always reside in Charles Town, which is so near the sea as to be in danger of sudden attack by pirates;" nor was this an idle thought, for the town was blockaded by pirate ships at the harbor's mouth, and medicines and supplies demanded while citizens were held as hostages.

In 1718 Governor Spotswood of Virginia sent an expedition to North Carolina, which succeeded in surprising, capturing, and beheading the notorious "Black Beard," who in company with one Stede Bonnet, had long ravaged the coast with impunity.

In August of the same year word was brought to Charlestown that Bonnet with his ship the *Royal James* was refitting in the Cape Fear River. Colonel William Rhett volunteered to attack him. With two sloops of eight guns each, the *Henry* and the *Nymph*, and about 130 men in all, he set sail, and found Bonnet at anchor in the Cape Fear River. In making the attack, and during the encounter, all three ships ran aground. The fight raged desperately all day between the *Henry* and the *Royal James*,

## *Carolina Chansons*

the *Nymph* being unable to get off the shoal and come to the help of her companion ship. Bonnet finally surrendered and was taken prisoner to Charlestown. It is this adventure which the poem celebrates.

Bonnet escaped, but was afterwards recaptured by Colonel Rhett on Sullivan's Island. He and about thirty of his crew were hanged about the corner of Meeting and Water Streets. Bonnet, himself, was hanged later than his crew, after a masterpiece of invective by the judge, who painted hell vividly. This pirate leader was dragged fainting to the gallows, and there was much sympathy for him, as it was said, "His humor of going a-pirating proceeded from a disorder of the mind . . . occasioned by some discomforts he found in the married state."

### NOTE ON "THE SEEWEEES OF SEEWEE BAY"

The Seewee Indians, who lived on the shores of what is now known as Bull's Bay, S. C., but was formerly called Seewee Bay, became discontented with the small prices obtained from the white traders for pelts. Seeing the ships constantly coming into the Bay from England, they conceived the idea of building large canoes and reaching England over the ocean. Several huge canoes, larger than any hereto-

## *Notes*

fore built by Indians, were accordingly constructed; these were loaded with the proceeds of a season's hunting, and, manned by all the braves of the tribe, set out in the direction from which the ships came. A gale came up and the braves were never seen again. Their squaws gradually wandered off to other tribes. This event took place about 1696.

### NOTE ON LA FAYETTE

#### TO ACCOMPANY "LA FAYETTE LANDS"

The Marquis de la Fayette, under the name of Gilbert du Motier, sailed from Bordeaux on the 26th of March, 1777, accompanied by the Baron Kalb and several French Army Officers. On the 14th of June, 1777, he first landed in America on North Island in Winyah Bay, near Georgetown, S. C., and was received at the house of Major Huger. In a letter to his wife, written soon after his landing, La Fayette says, "I first saw and judged of the life of the country at the house of a Major Huger." Detailed accounts of La Fayette's landing and reception still exist.

## *Carolina Chansons*

### NOTE ON THEODOSIA BURR

#### TO ACCOMPANY "THE PRIEST AND THE PIRATE"

In 1801 Theodosia, daughter of Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, married Joseph Alston of "The Oaks," Hobcaw Barony, S. C. They had one son, Aaron Burr Alston, who died in 1812, the same year that Joseph Alston was elected Governor of the State. On December 30th, 1812, at the urgent solicitation of her father, who had just returned from Europe, and who awaited her eagerly in New York, Theodosia set sail from Georgetown, S. C., in the pilot-boat schooner, "Patriot." Those on board were never seen again.

The vessel, which was being fitted out as a privateer, was carrying dismounted guns under her deck, and may have foundered in the severe gale of January 1st, 1813.

In 1869, however, a Dr. W. C. Pool attended a fisher family at Naggs Head, Kittyhawk, N. C. In the fisherman's hut hung an oil painting of a beautiful woman, which had been taken from an abandoned pilot-built schooner that drifted onto the North Carolina coast in that vicinity in January, 1813. No one was aboard and the vessel had evidently been looted. Ladies' clothes were found in great disorder in the cabin.

## *Notes*

There was also a story told by a dying sailor who confessed that he had seen the crew of such a boat walk the plank, and that among them was a beautiful woman who walked into the sea with a Bible or prayer-book in her hand.

The painting is in the possession of the Burr-Alston connection, and is thought by them, on account of its striking family resemblance, to be a picture of Theodosia Burr. The painting story has often been scouted, but there is too much circumstantial evidence to ignore it in treating the legend.

### NOTE TO "THE LAST CREW"

The "Fish-Boat" of the Confederate Navy, which exhaustive research indicates to have been the first submarine vessel to sink an enemy ship in time of war, was designed by Horace L. Hundley in 1863. This boat was twenty feet long, three and one-half feet wide, and five feet deep. Her motive power consisted of eight men whose duty it was to turn the crank of the propeller shaft by hand until the target had been reached. When this primitive craft was closed for diving there was only sufficient air to support life for half an hour. Since the torpedo was attached to the boat itself there was no chance of escape. The only hope was to reach and destroy the



## *Carolina Chansons*

enemy vessel before the crew were suffocated or drowned.

Five successive volunteer crews died without reaching their objectives. But the sixth crew was successful in sinking the Federal blockading ship "Housatonic," their own craft being caught and crushed beneath the foundering vessel. These crews went to certain death in the night time, in such secrecy that it was often months before their own families knew the names of the men. And now, with the lapse of scarcely more than half a century, it has been possible to find the names of only sixteen of those who paid the price.

Because no nation of any time can point to a more inspiring example of self-sacrifice, and because now, in a country reunited and indissoluble, the traditions of both the North and the South are a common, glorious heritage, the poem, which presents the final episode in the drama, is written as a memorial to all who gave their lives in the venture.

D. H.

### NOTE ON POE

TO ACCOMPANY "EDGAR ALLAN POE" AND  
"ALCHEMY"

In May, 1828, Poe enlisted in the army under the name of Edgar A. Perry, and was assigned to Battery

## Notes

"H" of the First Artillery at Fort Independence. In October his battery was ordered to Fort Moultrie, Charleston, S. C. Poe spent a whole year on Sullivan's Island. Professor C. Alphonso Smith, the well-known Poe authority, says, "So far as I know, this was the only tropical background that Poe had ever seen." That the susceptible nature of the young poet was vastly impressed by the weirdness and melancholy scenery of the Carolina coast country, there can be very little doubt. The dank tarns and funereal woodlands of his landscapes, or at least the strong suggestion of them, may all be found here, and the scene of *The Goldbug* is definitely laid on Sullivan's Island. Here are dim family vaults, and tracts of country in which the House of Usher might well stand.

"Dim vales and shadowy floods  
And cloudy-looking woods  
Whose forms we can't discover,  
From the tears that drip all over"

was written while Poe was in the army at Fort Moultrie, and appeared in his second volume in 1829. There are later echoes.

"Around by lifting winds forgot  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie."

H. A.



“MARSH TACKIES”

“Marsh Tackies” is the name given by the negroes to the little, wild horses of the Carolina coast country’s swamps and sea islands. Early traditions say that these horses were found by the English when they first came and that they are the descendants of run-aways from the Spanish settlements to the South about St. Augustine, or horses turned loose by De-Soto upon his ill-fated march to the Mississippi. These horses pick up a precarious living in out-of-the-way sections along the coast, and are occasionally taken and broken in by the negroes. They are the “poor horse trash” of the section.

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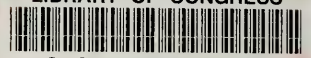








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